

# Louisville Evening Express.

OLD SERIES--VOL. XXV.

LOUISVILLE, SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I, NO. 174.

## THE CITY.

### Skating Rink.

This is fashion night at the rink, when all the world goes and takes his wife and children. Young men and maidens, old men and matrons, all will be there, and all will enjoy themselves.

### Worrell Sisters.

Weisiger Hall, Monday night, will witness the first appearance of the talented Worrell sisters, supported by an excellent company, in burlesque, &c., &c. The opening will be the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

### Raffle.

The splendid oil painting of General Zachary Taylor, life size, will be raffled off to-night, at 9 o'clock, at Captain Fish Henry's International Restaurant, Jefferson street. Tickets \$2 each, only a few chances left.

### Burglary.

Some one made a forcible entrance last night into the grocery of Callahan & Son, corner of Ninth and Broadway. The entrance was effected through a back window, but so far as the proprietors have yet discovered nothing was taken away.

### Fire.

About 8 o'clock this morning a fire broke out in the roof of a two-story frame, at the corner of Floyd and Jefferson, occupied as a grocery by Mr. Heffernan. No alarm was rung, but the steamer Atwood ran down to the place. The flames were, however, extinguished with a few buckets of water. Damage very light.

### The Work Progress.

It is said that ninety miles of the Elizabethtown and Paducah railroad have been graded between Elizabethtown and Green river, and the rails are now being laid down.

The work on the Tennessee river bridge is being prosecuted with great energy, and the piers will be raised above the water by the first of November.

### Accident on the Shelby Branch Railroad.

Thursday afternoon an accident occurred on the Shelby Branch railroad at the tunnel, between Hobbs Station and Shelbyville. About four o'clock some of the workmen were in the excavation which has been made, getting ready for a blast, as the excavation at that point is through rock. A premature explosion killed three of the men outright and severely injured several others.

### Louisville and Henderson Railroad.

The following gentlemen have been appointed by the Board of Trade as delegates to the railroad meeting in Henderson next Wednesday:

J. D. Allen, John T. Moore, W. Geo. Anderson, W. F. Waide, Geo. Alsie, W. E. Glover, F. S. McDonald, Thos. J. Tapp, J. M. Robinson, Warren Mitchell, J. Bloom, Andrew Graham, Joseph Mitchell, W. H. Fox, John B. Davies, John Pierce, J. M. Lovins, D. DuPont, J. M. Duncan, J. L. Smyser, G. B. Guthrie, W. H. Grainger, Gen. B. W. Duke, Geo. W. Wick.

### Brother vs. Brother.

While Ed. Johnson, as stated elsewhere, was whipping his mother yesterday evening, a younger brother, Bob, about sixteen years old, entered the house, and, taking his mother's part, struck Ed. two or three times with a pocket knife. One of the blows cut a gash in the shoulder, and another one cut a finger. When Ed. was tried before Justice Clement, he swore out a warrant for assault and battery against Bob. Officers Cave and Coulter arrested Bob, and as the charge was a felony, he was tried before Justices Matlack and Clements. When the facts were all known, as above stated, Bob was discharged, he having done no more than his duty in defending his mother. The family is said to be a quarrelsome, troublesome set.

### An Outrageous Barky.

Officer Cave last evening arrested Ed. Johnson, a negro about twenty-two years old, on a peace warrant and took him before Justice Clement. On trial, the following facts were developed: Ed. Johnson, for some reason known to himself only, entered the house of his mother and cut up high, knocking the furniture around in all directions, pitched into his sister Ella and gave her a beating, and then into his mother and whipped her—in fact, he threatened to demolish the whole establishment. Ella could stand his outrages no longer, so she took out the warrant, and Ed. was held to bail in \$150 to keep the peace six months. The family live in Backtown—the region of country on Ninth, near Madison, and down Madison toward Tenth.

### Daughter vs. Mother.

Mrs. Ellen Lancaster, an old negro woman, appeared before Justice Doane and laid complaint against her daughter Mrs. Paulina Vance. The parties live on Hancock street, between Green and Walnut. The old woman complains that her daughter went to her house and demanded a shawl which had been borrowed from the daughter, and had a policeman with her to take the shawl. Mrs. Lancaster, under these circumstances, refused to give it up. Again the daughter came at her, with tongue and fist, flattery and rolling-pin, or some other weapon, knocked over chairs and tables, and struck her on the head, raising a huge knot. She intended to return the shawl, but would not under the circumstances. When both sides had been heard the court bound Mrs. Vance, the daughter, in one hundred dollars to let her mother, Mrs. Lancaster, alone for three months, and gave the daughter an order of delivery, under which she obtained her shawl. The costs were more than the shawl was worth.

## Olds and Ends.

Superintendent of Police Shadburne and Commissioner of Police Shively returned last evening from Indiana, where they had gone on a little hunting excursion. Columbus was the neighborhood, quails the object, time out one day and a half—result, ten dozen fine, fat birds.

Drivers of drays, carts and other vehicles, are notified that fast driving must be stopped at once, or the laws will be rigidly enforced.

Six ladies entered an East Walnut street car yesterday at one time to come down town. Each lady had a nickel and each nickel sought an entrance into the box. On its way one of them fell and was lost in the meshes of the foot-mat. Now, who was to lose that nickel? That was the question that set the whole six to talking—and such a clatter! There happened to be one gentleman in the car—poor fellow. After considerable h'ming and h'wing, he got down on the floor after it, found and put it into the box, but you won't catch him in another car with six pretty women, all by himself, too.

Our "local" has a new neighbor, and the neighbor says, now that he has moved into an editor's neighborhood, he will not need to take the papers any more; he'll catch all the news as ye local goes by. Don't see the point, do you?

A party from this city went over to New Albany Thursday night to expose the Davenport brothers in their tricks. Soon after the light was put out and the coast was to be put on Fay, one of the party lighted a phosphorescent powder contained in a tin lid and set it in the aisle. Instantly the house was lighted up and great confusion ensued. The Davenports denounced the man as a coward, and called upon him to show himself, but no person seems to have seen who struck the light; at any rate they did not tell.

### Hinton, the Forger and Imposter.

The forger, Hinton, who was conveyed to the work-house the other day, is evidently a great scamp. The Woodford Weekly thus refers to his career in that county: We learn that a man calling himself by this name, with numerous other aliases, such as John Maddox, William Warren Wiley, &c., has been arrested and confined to the Louisville work-house for twelve months, on the charge of being a suspected felon. He claimed to be a preacher of the Baptist denomination, and a native of Scotland or England. This same scoundrel circulated a week or two ago among the good Baptists of our county, and by his false representations succeeded so well in working on their credulity that he obtained, from different ones, small sums of money and gloves, &c. He claimed, while here, to be an ex-soldier of the Imperial army of Mexico, and lately escaped from the jails of the republic, where, he said, he had been confined since the close of the war, and that he was on his way to New York, from which place he would sail for his native country. He said, also, that he was the son of some minister of the English government, and other like ridiculous things. It is a wonder that he was not suspected while here.

### Excursion to New York City.

Bullard's Panorama of New York City exhibits at Masonic Temple Tuesday, at three o'clock, and every afternoon and night to 11th November inclusive, at 3 and 7 o'clock. See advertisement in this paper. The St. Louis papers state that fifty thousand persons attended its six weeks' exhibition there.

We clip the following complimentary notice from the St. Louis Democrat:

"The very liberal patronage the Panorama of New York City has received here proves that our citizens patronize works of art. The Panorama is just what the bills and advertisements represent it to be, showing, in a very life-like manner, forty-one miles of the Empire city. The lecture is entertaining and instructive.

"More than three thousand people have visited here at its four exhibitions the past two days and evenings.

"The panorama is a moral and attractive entertainment, and also one of great interest. Life in the great metropolis of the United States, at best, poorly appreciated by occasional visitors, not to speak of those who have never been there. The lecture of Mr. Norton embraces many facts that have been collected by strict investigation, and is well worth the price of admission, aside from the exhibition of the artist's work. See advertisement in this paper."

### Rather Die than Marry.

Last Wednesday night, says the Lexington Observer, a man by the name of Sider was beset by two men with loaded pistols, who took him out of this county into Scott county, where they attempted to force him to marry a young lady whose name we did not learn. They threatened to kill him if he did not marry her. Sider said he would die first. After that decided declaration he was released. No marrying was done and no killing was done, but it was certainly, to say the least, a most novelish air.

### Portland Avenue.

For a few days travel on the Avenue will be somewhat impeded. The contractors for the sewer in Twenty-sixth street, from the south side of the Avenue to the lands north of High street, have reached the Avenue, working south, and have cut across it. Drays, wagons, &c. will find it necessary to use High street, and passengers on the cars change at that point. The interruption will continue but a few days, as the contractors are pushing the work forward with all possible dispatch.

## POETRY.

BY AN OLD FOY.

I'm so glad, because the sun and moon  
Are both hung up so high  
That no presumptuous hand can reach  
To pluck them from the sky.

If they were not, I have no doubt  
But some reforming ass  
Would recommend to take them down  
To light the world with gas.

Hard on the reformers.

## Cinders vs. Earth.

A case was tried before Justice White last evening, on a peace warrant between T. Constantine and C. G. Gordon. Constantine says he drives a cart for Messrs. D. Long & Co., and, under instructions, dumped a load of cinders into some of the low lands along the bank of the canal, and that in consequence thereof Mr. Gordon threatened to shoot him if he repeated the act. Gordon produced written authority whereby he and his partner, McKenzie, had the contract to fill with earth the low lands of the Rowan's Heirs, and would not permit any interference with the contract. Constantine produced Mr. Long, who testified that he had ordered the cinders dumped there, and had authority for giving such orders from the owner of the land. On a full hearing of the case Gordon was held to bail in \$100 to let Constantine alone for three months.

## Result of a Slender Suit.

Some two weeks ago, before Justice Clement, Mr. Truelove and wife, who live on Ninth street, brought suit against Ben. McCrean and wife, who live down about Seventeenth street. Mr. McC. had gone to Mrs. Truelove's, and through an open window, in the hearing of neighbors, had called Mrs. T. some very ugly names. The court gave judgement against McCrean and wife in the sum of twenty-five dollars. This McC. refused to pay, and a capias was issued for his arrest. Constable J. D. Ratledge, under the capias, arrested him this morning and put him in jail. It is expected he will obtain release by taking the insolvent debtors' oath.

## Louisville Opera House.

To-night we have a return of the regular company, with the legitimate, in Richard III., and the roaring farce of the Two Buzards. This afternoon matinee Rose-dale is on. Monday evening we are to have the distinguished actress Mrs. D. P. Bowers, supported by J. C. McCullum and the full strength of the company.

## A Correction.

To the Editor of the Evening Express: In your report yesterday of the sales of the leading wholesale houses for the month of September, you report us as having sold \$241,000 11. This is a mistake—we suppose made in drawing the figures from the Assessor's books. Our sales of clothing for the month of September was \$141,000 11, as is shown on the Assessor's books, and as we reported early in October. Please make the correction.

## JONES, TAPP & CO.

The following marriage licenses were issued for the week ending October 29, 1869: Michael O'Neil to Mary A. O'Neil.  
August S. Reicher to Mary Anna Spauld.  
B. Logsdon to Mary S. Lilly.  
George Owen to Ann Turner.  
Geo. Glider to Barbara Gessner.  
Lafayette Waeber to Mary Ann Foster.  
John Holmes to Sophia Egan.  
James Joseph Campbell to Kate D. Hayes.  
Geo. Smith to Alice Smith.  
Levy Burdett to Mary A. Veech.  
Francisco Camargo to Folomina Demulita.  
Henry Pademaker to Kate Cooper.  
August S. Reicher to Mary Anna Spauld.  
Peter S. Zier to Elizabeth Schumann.  
Carl Abegg to Francis Miller.  
Henry Burdett to Mary A. Veech.  
Martin Cooper to Elizabeth Pisterer.  
Geo. Zander to Emma F. E. Harig.  
Peter Steinhilber to Anna Ricks.  
Joseph Bonn to Lizzi McLaughlin.  
Charles Schumacher to Elizabeth Rehr.  
Wm. A. Talbot to Emma B. Stonetree.  
John T. Shriver to Julia Whipple.  
Levy Burdett to Mary A. Veech.  
T. C. Cunningham to Ann Coleman.  
Herman Waeber to Kate Bohrmann.  
August S. Reicher to Mary Anna Spauld.  
Geo. S. Davis to Maria M. Boden.  
Robert E. Lutz to Emma H. Ross.  
Ed. W. Ley to Catharine E. Thurman.  
Reuben D. Shaker to Judith J. Thurman.  
Geo. Geo. Hays to Margaret Eber.

## SMOTHERED TO DEATH.

Melancholy End of a Drunkard's Car.

From the Nashville Banner, 28th. There have, during the past two weeks, been wonderful proofs of the demoralizing effect of strong drink. Its pernicious influence led one man to shoot and kill his wife; another to stab his life-long companion nine times with an ice-pick, drag her out of bed by the hair, and to crush her beneath his brutal heel; and the third, to accidentally kill himself.

A man named McGill, residing at Carter's creek, on the Nashville and Decatur railroad, got badly drunk, Tuesday night, retired to bed, covered his head over with blankets, and was shortly smothered to death. He was found dead Wednesday morning, with the blankets clinging closely about his head. He was about thirty-five years of age, finally educated and taught school for a livelihood. His only fault seems to have been that of drink, the tempting influences of which he was unable to resist.

## A Female Gambler.

The present season there has been a mysterious woman at Ems, who has been continually a heavy loser at the gaming tables. No one knows her. She avoids making any acquaintances, and seems desirous to part with her money. She is dark-eyed and dark-haired, and is probably a Spaniard. Her diamonds are splendid. She is extremely generous, giving away napoleons and florins, so that she is the worshipped of lackeys. The story goes that her husband married her for money, and will not leave her, though she has requested him to do so, because she is rich. She has taken the present mode of reducing her fortune, which will probably be effective.

A New York doctor writes to a friend in Boston that he sent to the insane asylum, since the great gold "corner," six men who were made crazy by their losses.

Senator Howard, of Michigan, has written to the Detroit Post in favor of capital punishment.

## SHOCKING CALAMITY.

### Burning of the Steamer Stonewall.

## RECKLESS CARELESSNESS THE CAUSE.

## OVER TWO HUNDRED PASSENGERS LOST.

## TERRIBLE AND HEARTRENDING EVENT.

## Thrilling Incidents.

## A Sad and Painful Story.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

The city was electrified yesterday by the telegraphic dispatches that announced the burning of the Stonewall on her passage down the river, with a very heavy list of passengers, but few of whom escaped a horrible death. The dispatch was read in "Change" and men stood aghast at the tidings. The friends and relatives of those on board gathered at the telegraph and newspaper offices as the news spread abroad, and sadder or more impressive scenes than many portions of the city presented cannot well be imagined. Reports were sent to every point for information, and it was necessarily imperfect until some of the rescued passengers arrived on the Belle of Memphis last evening. As full reports of the terrible event are given as the circumstances have made possible to obtain, and we append the recital of one more horrible sacrifice of human life, with all its attendant horrors:

THE PLACE OF THE CATASTROPHE. It is just below Harris landing, nearly opposite, not more than two hundred yards from the Missouri shore, and at a point in the river where the width is a mile and a half from shore to shore. When the fire broke out, the boat was three hundred yards from shore, but by wheeling she landed on Tea Table bar, just opposite Nealey's landing, about two hundred yards from the shore.

THE SCENE. It beggars description—words fail—imagination is at fault. Two hundred and eighty souls ushered into eternity. A blazing fire behind them, and a death amid icy waters before them.

Panic, fear and frenzy ruled the hour. There were seventy-five life-preservers in the steamers, but only one man secured one. There was a yawl, but some of the deck passengers seized it, and, without oars, indiscriminately piled in, and paddled ashore with their hands. From the small blaze on the bay near the boiler deck, the fire spread to the coal oil, and the whole ship was in a blaze. The boat was loaded with bacon and other solidities, and the flames spreading with fearful rapidity, soon found the solid combustibles, and an intense heat was generated.

ON DECK. The scene was most fearful. One hundred and fifty passengers, mostly foreigners—Irish, Italian, German, and American—some with their wives and families, all in confusion grand, trying to save their lives. The boat grounded two hundred yards from the shore; the ponderous engines thumped and worked in vain. The passengers were rampant and wild. Efforts were made to trust the smoke, the donkey engine, but the crowd would not allow it. Some tried to throw out planks and staging, but the crowd rushed to the edge of the deck, and, in their eagerness to secure positions, prevented the staging from being put out. All shouted, "Get off the stages!" and the man who was the loudest was the very man who was in the middle of the staging. The poor deck passengers knew not what to do. Peddlers with their packs, like the miser at Herculaneum, clung to their last worldly remnants and found a watery or a fiery grave beside their filthy pelf. Irishmen, with their picks and shovels, going to work Southern roads, their old clay pipes half filled with tobacco, and their all done up in a red bandanna, were there; and dark-haired Italians going to the sunny South to expose their wares in a money-making mart; Dagoes, French emigrants going to enjoy their own language; and the most of them were there. These people were the first to see the fire—the first to catch the fright—the most uncontrollable—the most lacking in judgment, and consequently the most severely suffering. They rushed to the edge of the vessel and seeing the flames that threatened them, they clung to the sides of the boat, and, feeling the heat that scorched and burned—hearing the explosion that thundered from the engine room and machinery department—and, dumbfounded and frightened by the noise and confusion as well as blinded by the smoke, they plunged pell-mell into the waters. Some clung to spars and bits of wood, but more found nothing to hold, swam or floated for a short time, and then, benumbed by the icy chilliness of the waves, and blinded by the smoke, they sank to watery graves. Many mules and horses were on board, and with the deck passengers, and poor, dumb creatures, who could expect them to display more reason than human beings, they rushed with the people and jumped into the water with them, and on them and over them. Some few started and swam ashore, but most of them swam under the boat in circles, drowning men, women and helpless children. One mule jumped into a crowd of people struggling in the water, and by his frantic movements drowned six people.

IN THE CABIN. Before the news reached the cabin the deck passengers were wild with excitement. The first cry was hardly realized, but the second carried too much conviction in the wildness of its notes to be neglected or mistaken, and all rushed for safety, some to cabins and staterooms, and others to the deck. The cabin soon filled with smoke, a blinding, suffocating smoke, a

smoke that would not be checked, but was the forerunner of more deadly flames. There were only three lady passengers in the cabin, one helpless old lady, a mother with two young children, one a baby still in swaddling clothes, and the third lady a wife going to meet her husband, from whom she had been separated in Louisiana. On the boat's edge, what were the cabin passengers to do? They were only about forty in number, but their plight was one of peril. All around them the lurid flames; beneath them the dark waters, welcoming them to anything but hospitable graves; and, under, frantic deck passengers, the maddened animals rushing to and fro, uncontrolled, uncontrollable—all shrieking, shouting, praying and imploring for life and safety. To jump the distance was fearful, and the leap was certain to be to leap to the grave—to remain by death by burning. Every one was shifted for himself as best he or she could. Had people kept cooler more would have been saved, but the blind instinct or infatuation of a mob to follow the leaders ruled, and the example of the deck passengers was followed by the cabin passengers above. The flames were approaching them, and when so many were jumping into the water, why should not all? Alas, the water was chilly and cold, and the bar was only a slight one and a strong current ran on either side. Many jumped, struck bottom and had their feet carried from under them by the swift and treacherous undercurrents; others blind with frenzy and excitement rushed to where the crowd was thickest, and jumped in among the mules struggling and kicking, and among the stout and hearty laboring men, whose presence of mind had left them, and whose only thought seemed to be that safety was only secured by all jumping together in one vast grand leap, on top, in between, and amongst each other. Thus a sure death was secured. With everybody the question was "touch and go," impulse got the better of judgment, and reason and common sense that would have rushed for life-preservers and taken doors off from hinges took a back seat. Men lost hope and infatuation seized every one. The fire was burning and scalding, and a few never reached the deck to make even fruitless efforts for safety. Over the side of the boat the lambent flames ran, down near the engine, over the wheel, over the texas, and away up round the blackened smoke-stack. The intense heat burst the pipe, and the explosion only added to the consternation.

STATEMENT OF THE SURVIVORS. GEO. W. FULTON, ENGINEER.

My name is George W. Fulton. I reside at St. Louis, Mo., 3315 North Ninth street. I have been first engineer of the steamer Stonewall for ten months. I was on board of her at the time of the accident, and was on duty at quarter past six on Wednesday night. I was standing on the fore-box of the larboard engine. A deck passenger, who was very strong, alarmed of fire. I looked back at a pile of hay, and discovered a small blaze that a bucket of water would have put out. The moment the alarm of fire came to me, I hallooed up the speaking-trumpet to the pilot, Mr. Edward Ferguson, who was on duty at the time, and gave the alarm of fire. I looked back at a pile of hay, and discovered a small blaze that a bucket of water would have put out. The moment the alarm of fire came to me, I hallooed up the speaking-trumpet to the pilot, Mr. Edward Ferguson, who was on duty at the time, and gave the alarm of fire. 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